In VANITY FAIR of Aug. 3, will appear the Second Part of a Terrifically Thrilling Tale, written by one of the greatest undeveloped geniuses of the age, entitled

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VOL. 4. NO. 83.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JULY 27,

1861.

GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE.

☞ See "VANITY FAIR to the Public," for Terms of Subscription, etc., on Second Page.

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

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I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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THE FAIR INEZ:

—OR—

THE LONE LADY OF THE CRIMSON CLIFFS.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

EDITED BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER I.—THE JANE GRAY.

MY story opens off the coast of Spain, in the month of August, 18—.

The stanch brig Jane Gray, Captain GEORGE WRIGHT, was riding lazily on the summer sea, just enough air filling her sails to keep her in motion. She was a three-master, clipper-built and sloop-rigged, with the exception that she carried cross-lashings and stump topgallants in place of head guys and sheer jiggers. Her heel tackles were drawn tautly athwartship, but this did not in the least crowd her triatics and mizen stays, or in any way interfere with the workings of her bowsprit toggles and starboard catheads, while her leescuppers and gunwales were thoroughly slushed, giving the vessel immense advantage over craft carrying simply a bulwark bowse and jigger jibboom, as must be perfectly apparent to all navigators who have sailed in vessels rigged with foretop bowlines and capstain after chocks. Another advantage possessed by the Jane Gray over similar craft was the admirable manner in which her dockyard sheers were guyed to her slingfenders, thus giving full sway to her bulkhead toplights, no matter how cantankerously the gale might shriek.

Captain WRIGHT was a thorough seaman, but a man of few words. Born when quite small, he had immediately commenced a seafaring life, and although several times shipwrecked and twice captured by the Onondago County Indians, his health was very good.

As evening approached there were cheering indications of a smacking breeze to the N. W. E, observing which Captain WRIGHT advanced to the middle of the deck, and in a calm and dispassionate voice, spoke as follows:

"General order 510. Luff her! D——n your eyes, luff her! Avast." He then went up stairs to bed.

CHAPTER II.—INEZ.

It becomes necessary for us to go back three years.

It was a wild night upon the coast of Spain.

A clipper ship, laden with staves and white beans, bound from Oxford County, Maine, to Madrid, had gone down near the Isle of Loneliness, and all on board had perished save the captain's daughter INEZ—a sweet girl of seventeen summers, and a like number of Springs. Throwing herself upon a piece of sheet iron, she had floated to the lonely island, upon whose ocean-washed shore she wandered drearily up and down, all forlorn.

The night was fearful. It needed only the thunder's crash and the lightning's flash to make the effect immense; but the maiden's quick ingenuity overcame these drawbacks, for by beating the sheet iron which had borne her to the shore, and burning blue-and-red fire in a small earthen bowl, fine thunder and middling lightning were made to lend their thrilling grandeur to the solemn scene.

Placing her hand upon her throbbing temples the maiden said: "Ah, how these-er rer-ocks and cler-iffs, and this furious stor-rum remind me of My Happy Village Home;" and the maiden sang the popular ballad of that name,—

"My village home, my village home,
My happy village home,"

rendering the last line of each stanza with operatic trills, thus:

"Me hap-ap ap-hap-er-'ap-er-veel 'eel-er-age ho-o-ro-o rum!"

"Ah how sleepy I am!" she said, pressing her hands to her soft, dreamy blue eyes. "Methinks I will take a little slum." So, carefully adjusting her dress she laid down gracefully upon a green baize rock and slept, while slow, sweet music filled the air.

Sleep had no sooner closed her eyelids than a young fairy in a short gauze dress and silk tights came up through a trapdoor, and waving a magic wand over the slumbering maiden, asseverated thus:

"Maiden, maiden! feel no alarm,
You'll see trouble but you shall not come to no harm!"

Uttering which noble sentiments, the fairy whirled round several times for the purpose of permitting the dolphins and sharks to see how nicely her dress fitted her, and then vanished to appropriate music.

CHAPTER III.—AFLOAT AGAIN.

We will now return to the Jane Gray. That gallant craft was gliding gaily o'er the waters of the dark blue sea, her squilgee toggles securely spliced to her backstair bobstays, in true sailor style.

The officers had all retired to the extreme end of the deck to allow WILL SOMERS, a gallant jacktar, sufficient room to dance the sailor's hornpipe.

The happy mariners, as is usual on board our merchantmen, were dressed in pure white trousers, bright morocco shoes and white shirts, the bosoms of which were neatly embroidered with blue. Wide rolling collars, black flowing neckerchiefs and tarpaulin hats completed their toilette.

"Well done, bold WILL!" cried old JACK RYDER, an ancient seafaring man. "Shiver my timbers, my hearty, but you're lively on your pins. Bile my lights and liver! Stuff my gizzard with salt junk! Avast."

"Spin us a yarn, old JACK," cried CHARLIE WILSON, giving his trowsers a hitch, and taking a fresh chaw of tobacco.

"Wall, my hearties," said the old tar, allowing his tobacco to gently slosh round his mouth, "I've seen salt water in my day, and d—n all landlubbers, say I. I'd rather be a bootblack to Davey Jones than to be the biggest swab on shore. But tip us your ears, my hearties, and I'll tell you how the salt junk sarved us on board

UNNECESSARY WARMTH.

Cockney.—WHAT 'ORRID 'EAT THIS IS!

Indignant Hotel Keeper.—IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH THE FOOD, SIR, WHY DON'T YOU CLEAR OUT?

Abraham quotes Shakspeare.

He will keep on doing it. He's been reading SHAKSPEARE; thus when the Hon. RUSSELL, [illegible] S. D. &c., &c., was presented, ABE remarked to SEWARD, "acquaint me with the perfect spy o' the *Times* (MACBETH—ahem!)"

SEWARD, who, by the way, is a lineal descendant of the SIWARD who figures in MACBETH) did, yet heroic to the last, did the honors, and then fell back exhausted into the arms of CAMERON, upon whom, when our correspondent left, he was, as usual, leaning heavily.

As it Happened.

"*Nimium ne crede colori*," says the Latin proverb—"Don't put too much faith in color." The [illegible]s, a South Carolina paper informed its readers, not long since, that the army of the North was composed altogether of Greenhorns. Well, then: perhaps. And so it happened that the rebels fell in with a Green-Horn's nest, when they met MCCLELLAN's division at Rich Mountain and at St. George.

More from Mama Goose.

Hey, diddle diddle!
The cats and the fiddle!
The rebels, poor fools, are gone coons,
SCOTT and ANDY laughed to see such fine sport,
And FLOYD ran away with the spoons.

By an Idiot in Ill-health.

Why are the Rebel soldiers like the voice of our conscience?

Because, at times they are Mute-In-Us!

What closed the Mouth of the Chesapeake.

The Canno[illegible]'s Mouth.

the Pretty Nell, in 1842. You see, my lads, we were goin' up the Mediterranean, and had been out about three months. We thought the junk tasted rather queer, but old salts larn to stow away what's put afore 'em, without axin' no questions. But when we all began to whinner; and found our ears growin' long and floppy; and bushy manes sprang out on our necks; and our feet commenced turnin' into hoofs; and we all hankered for hay and oats; and we couldn't be happy onless we had pieces of chain in our mouths like bits, and our heads didn't feel nat'ral onless we had bridles on—why then, my hearties, we concluded we'd been eatin' hoss. The surgeon, Dr. BRIGGS, said we'd eventooally have to git our livin' by pullin' hay-carts and fish wagons if we didn't have beef right away. Beef was introduced and we got over it to a certin extent, tho' when I git on shore I allus steer for a stable, hitch myself in a stall and fall to on the hay. Such is the force of education."

"Wall, pass the grog, old JACK," said TOM CLEWLINE, "and I'll sing you two verses of 'Three Times Round,' and all bear a hand for the chorus:

"I have a mother in fair London town,
And this night she is weeping for me,
Tho' little does she think this vessel it will sink,
And go down to the bottom of the sea,
Brave boys!

CHORUS:—"Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
Three times round went our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea,
Brave boys!

"Then up steps this gallant Captain, O,
And a well-spoken man was he,
Says he, my boys, we don't playin at toys,
We're bound for the bottom of the sea,
Brave boys!

CHORUS:—"Three times round, &c."

"Bust my heart and gizzard," said old JACK, "but that's a good song!"

The crew then called for candles and were shown to their rooms.

(To be Continued.)

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Tom Brown at Oxford: A Sequel to School days at Rugby. By the Author of "Scouring of the White Horse," etc. Part Second. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS. For sale by SHELDON & Co. New-York.

VANITY FAIR does not feel much like shying fun at TOM BROWN at Oxford. It only wishes that for the credit of manhood there were more Rugby Schools, more Dr. ARNOLDS and as a necessary consequence more honest sturdy fellows like TOM BROWN in the world, and so, with our best wishes, THOMAS pass on to posterity.

"Perfidious Albion."

The *Herald* is behind-hand with us, this time, on the subject of England's warlike demonstration in sending troops to Canada. Had the *Herald* been properly posted in this matter—as we are—it would have informed us that the movement in question was made in anticipation of HEENAN's challenge to MACE, the new champion. Now the "little mill," if arranged, may possibly come off in Canada; and, therefore, the British government has very properly seen fit to send out three thousand troops to that colony, to back up their "little man," and keep the ring according to the rules of *Bell's Life*. The *Herald* cannot see through a Mill stone—as we can.

The most Terrible Punishment for fraudulent Contractors.

Make them eat their own supplies; in other words, kill them by degrees.

The Condition of the Sunny Southerner

Blockheaded and Blockaded.

MRS. ROSS IN NEW-YORK.

NEW YORK, July 4th.

MR. VANITY.—You seem ter me jest like my own fokes. So I'm gonter rite right out of my own bussum. When I writ that ere letter ter you about Mis RUSSELS baby, I no more thought of comin ter New-York than nothin. I've alus had ter stick round hum, cos my man never wants ter go nowhere that he cant git back the same night, so as ter sleep under the ruff of his own coop, in the same nest we'v slep in this forty year. SIMON ROSS my son, tho I do say it, is a gentleman, and he alus has come up ter see us every year, and brought all sorts of new fangled things ter eat and drink. He rit us that the war had made his Spruce Salve bizness amazin lively, and he was a Hum Gard, and he insisted I should come and see him, so I've cum, jest as a horse runs inter the fire. I arriv inter your city the night afore Independance. I spose you know where Mis MAC FLIMPSY lives, the woman that hed so many close she didn't know what ter put on. Well, my sons house is jam up agin hern, and Solomans Temple ant nothin to it for vanity, show, and glitter. I got up inter my bed-room about midnite. I thought Ide jest put my head out the winder and take a look at the town. Massy on me, what a turn it gin me! I thought the world was turned upside down. I look'd agin, and what I took for the stary firmement was the lites among the trees in the park, and the smoke and haze settled on um. Wal, the pistol shootin and the rackit of the wheels, and the smell of powder made me narvis. My throat felt as dry as a husk, so I thought I'd git me a drink of water out of the silver spile in the corner of my room. Land

sakes! It come kersplash! and I was as wet as if Ide ben ketched in a shower. I was all of a trimble afore I could stop the pesky thing. Well, I blowd out my lite and went inter bed. Massy! what a smudg! Lamp-ile nor taller candle smoke ant nothin to it. I flung up my winders, and there was the commet rite spank afore my eyes. I went back inter bed and tried ter sleep; but the noise kep up; an then my bed sprung and tetered so I coodn't git a wink of sleep. About the brake of day I'd jest lost myself when ker-bang! went the meetin house bell. The fust I thought on was the commet had set the world afire. Next I thought of my man JEDEDIAH ROSS, and the comfort me an him had took in our quatters, forty year. I made up my mind Mr. VANITY our hums and fire-places is sothin ter fite fur.

Your obedient servant,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—Ide rite more, but I'm as dizy as a coot.

M. R.

MR. LOVEJOY AND HIS NIGGER.

That funereally facetious gentleman, Mr. OWEN P. LOVEJOY, is, in common parlance, at it again.

The ur fortunate Nigger, one would think, has made disturbance enough in this country already. The Rebellion, of which he is the remote origin in a great degree, is a very serious fact, and it seems to behoove a Congress called expressly for the purpose of quelling it, to attend to that matter at once, without dabbling in small side-shows.

But Mr. LOVEJOY thinks otherwise. His whole system is full of the Nigger *per se*. Not as a cause of trouble. Not as the foundation of differences that have led to insurrection. But as a Nigger. He thinks Nigger; he talks Nigger; he dreams Nigger . . . he even seems to see Nigger, taste Nigger and hear Nigger. Very possibly he smells Nigger. At all events, he has never given evidence in public, of the slightest consciousness of any subject whatever, that had not a Nigger in it.

Congress is convened on account of the War, and Mr. LOVEJOY is a member of Congress. Therefore, the first duty that presents itself to that gentleman's somewhat disordered mind, is to get a Nigger into the war . . . a very large, very fat, very unctuous and savory Nigger, of the species familiarly denominated "buck." This, he has attempted to do by main strength, but the other members . . . gentlemen who appear to feel more sympathy with their country, their flag, their freedom, and their homes, than with Mr. LOVEJOY and his Nigger . . . do not clutch the sable brother with that avidity that children are said to exhibit for certain medicated lozenges.

On the contrary, they will not have him upon any terms. They table Mr. LOVEJOY's bill, and Mr. LOVEJOY is set out in the cold, to weep and drivel alone. Even the sable brother respectfully declines to assist him in those lugubrious diversions.

Some charitable and soft-hearted people adduce, in palliation of Mr. LOVEJOY's conduct, the fact that many years ago, a member of his family met a violent death at the hands of a pro-slavery mob, and that the feeling is therefore a personal one, as well as a principle. To this, we would modestly reply that the battle-field is the place for the adjudication of personal feelings, in times like these. If Mr. LOVEJOY were leading the van in Virginia, instead of being set out in the cold at Washington, he would not only have more the appearance of being in earnest, but would, while balancing accounts with his enemies, save much mortification to his friends.

Simply, the best thing that Mr. LOVEJOY can do, in the present juncture, is to resign his seat, take his Nigger out of the House, and find a position in the army. If he will devote half as much exertion and zeal to putting down Rebellion as he has heretofore devoted to boring Congressmen and stirring up ill-blood, he will be an invaluable soldier. Otherwise, he is likely to become a vicious maniac, devoured by a familiar Nigger.

Put This and That Together.

The World and Morning Courier and New-York Enquirer, (Phœbus! what a name!) has a war correspondent with Gen. PATTERSON's column. A pretty good correspondent, too. But, being mortal, like most men, this correspondent occasionally falls into error. For instance, in a letter printed recently in the rollicking sheet above alluded to, he says, paragraph No. 4, apropos of the occupation of Martinsburg by the Federal troops:—

> The army is instrumental in pouring in quantities of gold and silver upon the people, much to their delight.

A little further down, paragraph No. 7, we find, however, that in Martinsburg—

> All classes treat our men well, giving them food, drink and shelter, *and even money*, when they can spare it.

Now, to be perfectly frank with us, oh correspondent of the *World and Morning Courier and New-York Enquirer*, don't you think these two statements are — — — well, a little inconsistent?

Reprehensible Proceedings.

The daily papers are continually raising small outcries about aggressions committed by the Federal troops upon the property of residents in the secession districts. One time it is all about a picket robbing a hen-roost; and now we are told that General MCCLELLAN is advancing to Cheat Mountain Pass.

Aid to Southern Courage.

Ambus-cade.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

A NEW CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

ADVICE GRATIS TO JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

(AN UNWARRANTABLE LIBERTY WITH Mr. TENNYSON'S VERSE.)

"The views of the late Vice-President of the United States have experienced no change that loyal people know anything about since the middle of last April. At that time, JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE was a conscientious traitor."—*Daily Paper.*

I.

BRECK! BRECK! BRECK!
You will have to be loyal or flee,
For the Nation soon will utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

II.

Ah! ill for the Kentucky boy
Who sides with the traitor to-day!
And ill for the Congressman
Who sings the secession lay!

III.

As the Army of Right goes down
The dragon of Treason to kill
Alas! that you should refuse them your hand!
Alas! that your voice should be still!

IV.

BRECK! BRECK! BRECK!
Let all plots of Compromise be,
VALLANDIGHAM, BURNETT, BEN. WOOD in the House,
Are traitor enough, without thee.

A Variation on the old Tune.

As the Southerners utterly refuse to join us in the good old tune of Hail Columbia, we are giving them Hail Columbiad instead.

VIRGINIA.

The exultant statement in a hilarious plantation melody that "Old Virginny never tires," is a mistake. Old Virginia is already tired out, and it serves her quite right.

We saw the once glorious old State with the two-edged knife of Secession in her hands, and promptly told her to look out or she would cut herself. She heeded us not. She not only cut her fingers off and slashed her eyes out, but—God help her!—she plunged the fatal blade deep into her bosom.

But, seeing that Virginia was pertinaciously determined to ruin herself, we laughed when we learned that the WISE party were to have the honor of conducting her to perdition, because we knew they would do it with neatness and dispatch. It is always better to have unpleasant things over as quickly as possible, and wild and untamable men like WISE always hurry up ruin with cheap-eating house celerity.

As accomplished and energetic Bursters Up of things, commend us to H. A. WISE and his affectionate son, O. JENNINGS. The moment they succeeded in shoving the Old Lady into the arms of the Red Rovers of the Scaly South, or the Booby Brigands of the Gulf, we knew that *her* career of infamy, at least, would be very brief. And it has been.

McCLELLAN and his splendid lads, HILL, STEEDMAN, LANDER, KELLY, and others, have made a clean sweep of Secession in Western Virginia; it is wiped out on the banks of the Potomac, and it has scarcely a respectable foothold in the State outside of Richmond. So, in the language of our intrepid friend GREELEY, we say—

"Forward to Richmond!
Forward to Richmond!"

And if you can't make it on the 20th, the 21st will do. Won't it, GREELEY?

A word to the Garibaldi Mutineers.

The soldier is frequently called upon to Fall In—to Fall Out, never.

No use Talking.

In his speech in the Senate last Tuesday Mr. BRECKINRIDGE wailed with a loud voice over the course of the Northern People in the matter of this war. Every thing the President had done was, according to Mr B., unconstitutional. The suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of traitors was unconstitutional. The calling out of volunteers to suppress rebellion was unconstitutional. The arrest of that nice young man, Marshal KANE, of Baltimore, was unconstitutional. The forcible suppression of a vile seditious sheet in St. Louis was unconstitutional. In fact, everything, with the Honorable Senator, was unconstitutional, except one little thing—Secession. Mr. BRECKINRIDGE didn't think Secession was unconstitutional at all. Perhaps this may account for Mr. BRECKINRIDGE not having seceded from a body to whose objects he is so utterly opposed, to whose loyalty he forms so shameful an exception.

We dont care a straw for Mr. BRECKINRIDGE's other principles, but couldn't he be induced to waive this particular one for a time—say the term of his natural life? We should all be extremely obliged.

To Horse! To Horse!

"Give us Cavalry!" is the cry from the federal army. "What do you want with cavalry?" demand certain economists, in their letters to the newspapers—"is not a light infantry man, armed with his improved repeating weapons, a match for anything encumbered with a horse and its trappings?"

To this we take leave to reply that, as some things can be done well enough with Colts, so, other things can be done better with Horses.

What Gen. Scott is doing to the Rebels.

Fascine-ating them.

The Pin that keeps the Southern Affairs Together.

The Lynch Pin.

VANITY FAIR.

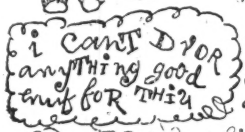
The new A B C, written for little Abraham, (just 4 months old,) by his Cousin Willie, (just done his schooling). Illustrated by little Abie, "all by himself."

A's for America greatest land 'neath the Sun
Its got a North and a South which used to be one

B is for Beauregard Bully, Beast, and so forth
Who thought with a lick he could wipe out the North

C is for Chivalry, the Southrons are full of it
But they'll find that the mudsills will make a hard pull of it

D is for Davis, and dangling and Dam
And he'll get both the latter from good Uncle Sam



E is for England who can't make up her mind
To which side of the question She should be most inclined

F is for F.F.V. (for these letters I look words)
Or for Vanity Fairy (less one F and read backwards)

G is for Gunpowder for Greely and Goahead
And blow up the Rebels until they're alldead

H is for Homeguard, for Hero, and Hum,
Bug was a thing, that can very fast run

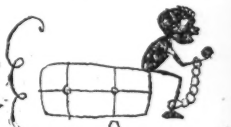
I is for Infamy, Ingins, and Ire
The Sothrons have both and the Ingins their hire

J's Justice, the Confeds don't know much about it
And they think they can get along quite well without it

K is for Kaution which good generals should use
K is Katastrophy, the affair of C. Bethel peruse.

L is for Lord Lions, who Governor Hicks,
Thought all our quarrels could easily fix

M is for Muskets, men money, and more
we require all these for to go to the war.



N is for Nigger who caused all the row
We must settle his hash for him never, or now

O is old fogies, to name them's not worse
who even yet come with their d—d Compromise

P is for plighting, and don't stop till we're done
And the Confeds will find it don't stand for fun

Q is the Question that set Hamlet a coffing
And Q is the question that troubled Magoffin.

R is for Rascal, Rebellion and Riot
The people in Baltimore often do try it

S is Starvation, Secession and Slavery
S is the Smash that follows their Knavery

T is for Toombs, and I think bye and by,
There'll be many more heroes than those who now lie

U is the Union, a very big gun
Before which the "Gentlemen" will all surely run.

V, Volunteer so Spruce, tho I don't know for certain,
If those are so Spruce who have only a Certain

W is White House, whiskey, Women and Wrum,
Jeffy won't get the White House for some time to come

X, no word that I know of with X does begin
'cept Some vile abortion like X President Linn

Y is for Youngster of Albions pure breed
To rule our the South's for he's licker and feed.

Z is Zouaves with his wide flowing breeches
Who'll give the Secechers particular fits es

EDITING MADE EASY.

The *Sanitarium*, an independent journal that has risen upon Boston, is edited by a Mrs. Rollins, and published at the Thermo Therapeutic Institute. We make the following extract from the lady's last editorial:

"As the greater part of our time is spent in mental labor, we cannot forego the sanitary benefits, of a frequent Thermo bath; to say nothing of the luxury not only of the delightful sensations while in the bath, but of the exquisite pleasure arising from an unwonted sense of inward and outward purity. It has occurred to us that, as in the Thermo baths there is an uncommon mental exhilaration and flow of thoughts, we may make the Sanitarium a very taking paper by writing our editorials in the Calidarium."

Although judging from the above extract, a correct English construction is not among the advantages editors may derive from the Thermo bath, we are nevertheless interested in its introduction. We have certainly read editorials that seemed to come from a pretty hot place, and have occasionally heard editors commended to warm quarters. But this literal cooking up of newspaper articles, who would have suspected! We have not yet tried the Calidarium in our office, but willingly publish a certificate addressed to Mrs. Rollins, for the next Sanitarium.

Tribune Office, *July* 4th.

Dear Madam:—I have been long in the habit of using one of your capital Calidariums, and find it a great assistance in preparing my editorials. Though I cannot say that I have experienced "the unwonted sense of inward and outward purity" which you ascribe to its employment, I can yet declare it to be of great service in furnishing the "uncommon mental exhilaration" necessary to produce "a taking paper," which you also claim for it. I forward specimens of my writing before and after entering the Calidarium, which will convince the most incredulous.

(*Written for the Tribune, of June 26th.*)

THE NATION'S CONFIDENCE.

The people entirely confide in the great military skill of General Scott. There is no greater absurdity than for a civilian to dictate to our glorious commander-in-chief, when a move must be made, or a triumph obtained.

You will observe that this was far too sensible for the *Tribune*, and of course could not be allowed to appear. Upon stepping into your admirable Calidarium, I was immediately seized with a fine paroxysm, and wrote as follows:—

(*From the Tribune, of June 26th.*)

THE NATION'S WAR CRY.

Forward to Richmond!! Forward to Richmond!!! The Rebel Congress must not be allowed to meet on the 20th of July.!!!! By that date the place must be held by the National Army!!!!!

You will find this passage in the *Tribune* of the above date, and it nobly sustains the highest flights of that paper. In case you have invented a Calidarium of higher power than that in my possession, please forward it for my use during the present session of Congress.

Furiously yours, H. G——.

Too Soft for the Occasion.

A very earnest remonstrance against the resort to war has been addressed to the people of the United States by the Peace Society of London. This document, like most others emanating from the same source, is evidently dictated by that culpable over-kindness of heart which, if properly cultivated, would prevent the mild disciple of the sect from crushing the snake that rose to sting him. It is signed by Mr. Joseph Pease, and others, is this well-meant but milk-and-watery document. In all the wars that have arisen within the last twenty years or so, we have found Pease figuring prominently as a pacificator; but, for our part, we cannot help considering Bullets as far more efficacious.

On a Coquette.

Says Tom to Ned, "By all the gods above,
Was Julia ever *really* in love?"
Says Ned to Tom, "Faith, Thomas, I opine,
True love is not exactly in her line,
But—like the army of our Southern foe—
She has a general Beau-Regard, you know!"

Why our Zoo-Zoos will make good Soldiers.

Because they can all Stand Fire.

A PAIR OF NUISANCES.

There has been a great mistake, somewhere.

The war can never be successful on its present basis.

Because, the only men who know anything about military matters, are the journalists; and the Government will persist in entrusting the campaign to mere soldiers.

Can anything be more preposterous?

How much better it would be, now, if Mr. Dana of the *Tribune*, or Mr. Raymond of the *Times*, were at the head of the army, instead of Lieutenant-General Scott. At least, Mr. Dana and Mr. Raymond think so; and if they think so, of course it is so.

It is a fact patent to the meanest capacity. Perhaps that is why Messrs. Dana and Raymond see it. Perhaps that is why we don't see it.

Seriously, the worst kind of ill-breeding and conceit, is that which prompts people to interfere, unasked, in other people's business. Now Lieutenant-General Scott has grown gray in military service. The people of all parties have universally recognized him as their natural Commander-in-Chief . . . a title somehow absurdly conferred upon our Presidents, who, with the single exception of the first, (who was first in war as in peace,) have been very ignorant of the art of war, as compared with General Scott . . . whose plan of campaign in Mexico was one of the most brilliant and profound inspirations of modern warfare.

But Mr. Dana, or Mr. Greeley, or some other bran-bread charlatan of Printing-House Square, and Mr. Raymond, or some other elbowed hero of the Mincio, are not content with a veteran soldier's plans. If they had been consulted a few days before the Creation, no doubt they would have had it arranged so that mighty oak-trees could grow up to maturity in three days: that geologic eras could be compressed into a week . . . the *Tribune* would have made them semi-weekly . . . and the orbits of the planets would have been shortened in to match; with a nightly eclipse, a comet every other day, and a general hurrying up of the firmamental cakes to suit the rapid notions of the great politico-military journalists.

So with the present crisis. The condition of these papers is pitiable and humiliating to the last degree. Howling maniacs. Incomprehensible abusers. Unmitigated nuisances. They rave and snarl at General Scott as incompetent and feeble-minded, because he understands what he is about, so much more clearly than they, and even go so far as to accuse him of tampering with his duty, through a secret sympathy with the rebels.

Can it be, after all, that the world is not yet ready for a Free Press? Can it be that we still need a Government censorship over newspapers? If it must come, let it come quickly, and let the *Tribune* and *Times* receive a speedy "warning."

If "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," a great deal of ignorance is infinitely more dangerous, and we firmly believe that it is impossible for the human mind to be in greater darkness on any one subject, than these gentlemen of the quill enjoy on the subject of warfare.

But conceit goes a great way with the masses. It passes very well for knowledge, when furbished up, painted, puttied, and varnished in the *Times* and *Tribune* style; so these journals are able to do a good deal of mischief.

And they do not neglect that ability.

Wants to Know.

V. F. wants to know how Mr. Vallandigham pronounces his name:

Is it *Val*landigham?
Or Val*lan*digham?
Or Vallan*dig*ham?
Or Vallandig*ham*?

And after the discovery wants to know also of what importance it is, any how, to any body. The ham is however very prominent in either pronunciation, and the porcine quality of the individual is largely developed in each.

We can understand the fitness of things in a backlog like Wood, most appropriately to be followed by Burnett, but for what there is in Vallandigham, we do not know, unless in connection with the Ben bribery Wood policy, we should involuntarily refer to the association of Pork and Beans.

The Very Latest from Dr. Russell.

Our artist (who really is travelling with Dr. Russell) says that our English friend is quite a wag in his way. Hearing some of our boys complaining of the heat, he advised them to come out under the trees, if they found the heat in-tents. When in good condition Mr. Russell can make two or three as good as this in a forenoon.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

DIRECTIONS as to the safest method of dealing with cavalry will be useful to the foot-soldier, who may be described as a walking gentleman attached to the theatre of war.

In this branch of tactics, the infantry instructor will be of little use. The Circus will be the true school of the soldier; the clown his emulation, the sawdust his parade ground, the wild mustang of the mimic prairie his incarnate foe.

When charged by a horse, the best course for the soldier to adopt is that practised by Mr. JOSEPH PENTLAND, who turns a somerset forward over the animal's head, and, alighting on the croup, just behind the rider, has that person entirely at his mercy until the ring-master interferes.

In practical engagements, should the ring-master or any other person interfere, shoot him on the spot.

Should the charger, or horse that charges, show a disposition to use its teeth in mortal combat, the foot-soldier, if a Zouave, should gather up all the slack of his pantaloons before he makes the spring already described. Otherwise he may be caught up ignominiously by that necessary garment, and carried off the field to the tune of "See the conquering Heroes comes," played backward.

When you have killed your dragoon in action, take off his spurs and invest your own heels with them. This is etiquette; but you must be careful not to sit down upon them when the bugle sounds the order to "sprawl at will."

When there is no better food than army contract beef in a camp, it is the etiquette to divide the captured horse into rations proportioned to the victorious force. The saddle goes to the Brigadier General, to remind him of the responsibilities that are strapped upon his back. The bridle becomes the property of the soldier who captured the steed, in order that he may never be without a bit of some kind or another to his share, be it ever so hard.

It is in general orders that every recruit must provide himself with this edition of HARDEE, weekly, as it appears in VANITY FAIR.

QUATTLEBUM'S REVISION OF THE CODE LYNCH.

The patriot army stationed on the Little Pedee, recently encountered a rebel regiment. The battle was terrible; we lost one man killed, or absconded; the rebels had none either killed or wounded; but several cases of diarrhœa broke out during the action; and the rebel leader, Colonel XERXES QUATTLEBUM, after losing several horses by collapse for lack of fodder, was finally captured while leaving the field on a mule. On searching his person the following paper was found. It seems that the Colonel was serving on a commission to revise the Code Lynch for the Cotton States, and these are some of the amendments which he designs to propose:

1. Vigilance Committees shall be able to read and write.
   [NOTE.—So as to be able to distinguish a "pass" from a note of hand.]
2. Such Committee-men shall be allowed no more than two quarts of whiskey per day for each man, to be drank between sunrise and bed time.
   [NOTE.—This is suggested to guard against intemperance, which has occasionally broken out in Committee.]
3. Such Committees may hear evidence in favor of the accused, provided he is not an abolitionist.
   [NOTE.—To guard against too great lenity toward this class a growing fault of late.]
4. Committee may drum out, tar and feather, and order to leave the State, any person suspected of talking to niggers, or loving the Union; but shall not hang him without the vote of the bystanders.
   [NOTE.—This leaves it to the people, as we do everything of a popular character in the South.]
5. In tarring and feathering, the tar shall not be above boiling heat, and it shall not be poured on the face.
   [NOTE.—There have been some instances of abuse, for want of this provision: besides being put on too hot, the tar has blinded some, who were thereby prevented from "leaving the State."]
6. In case of union-loving school mistresses and governesses, when ridden on a rail they shall be allowed to ride "sideways."
   [NOTE.—While this will favor modesty, it will at the same time stamp the prisoner as *sectional*.]
7. A nigger condemned to be burned for talking to a white man, shall be reprieved in case he will charge the white man with being an abolitionist or slave stealer; in which case the latter shall be hung on the first tree.
   [NOTE.—This saves property, while it satisfies justice.
8. In burning a nigger dry wood ought to be used when convenient.
   [NOTE.—We detest that old Puritan JOHN CALVIN too much, to follow his example in the case of Servetus.]
9. In cutting off the ears and the nose of an abolitionist or Union man, a sharp knife should be used.
   [NOTE.—By the use of dull knives some bad mutilations have taken place, and the patients have died on the hands of Committee, without "leaving the State."]
10. In case any abolitionist shall leave the State by order of the Committee, he may take his property with him, provided it be not land or heavy goods; in which case the same will be divided among the members of the Committee, share and share alike.
    [NOTE.—This to guard against the robbery of the subject, and to preserve equality among the members of the Committee. "Equality is equity."]
11. In case a minister shall not produce texts to prove slavery a divine institution, he shall not be hung as heretofore, but dismissed without pay to work his passage North.
    [NOTE.—Nothing is gained by sending knaves to Paradise with a martyr's crown. Cut off their supplies; this works wonders with the clergy.]

REMEMBER!

We go,—but we leave in our places,
All, all the familiar old faces;
And it seems, as we hear the drums beating,
That their echoes are ever repeating,
"*Remember!*"

We leave them in all their desertion,
To hard and unwonted exertion,
With no husband or father beside them;—
Let not any evil betide them
"*Remember!*"

We leave them to you who have mothers,
Wives, sisters—and Oh! perhaps others,
Dearer, far dearer than life is,
And now when *our* sorrow and strife is,
"*Remember!*"

Perhaps they need bread, perhaps raiment,
Then give and trust God for repayment,
Your charity's scope is but narrow,
When God guardeth even the sparrow,
"*Remember!*"

Perhaps they are wailing in sorrow,
Your turn may perchance come to-morrow,
Then quiet their tears and their trembling
By gentle and kindly dissembling!
"*Remember!*"

Perhaps they are weary of waiting,
Through long hours with all their sad freighting,
Go! lift up their hearts, and with cheering
Kind words, raise them out of their fearing!
"*Remember!*"

A good name for the Southern Soldiers.

Bush-whackers.

"Dissolving Views."

Views of the South.

What the Southern Gourmands are most afraid of.

Getting their "Deserts."

"OUR OWN" OF THE TRIBUNE.

The proverb,—"Like master, like man," is trite but true. General GREELEY, whose head(and hind) quarters are in Spruce street, is most egregiously parodied by his obtuse corporal at Washington.—This gusty subaltern makes too much noise.—GREELEY, we can put up with. His ravings are familiar; his metaphors we have met 'afore so often that old acquaintance entitles them to suffrance. But when the man attempts to double himself upon us, to "go" us one better, in fact—if we may, under deep provocation, employ an alien phrase—he will find us rigid and inflexible in opposing him. Enough is as good as a surfeit, and really a minimum of GREELEY is quite enough.

This detonating paraphrase of the great but troublesome philosopher in Spruce street, as we observed, makes too much noise. He is reverberating, like a gong; flippant, like a fire cracker; vacuous, like a kettle-drum; and out of place, like a gorilla at a tea-party. This recapitulation of his characteristics is not respectful, we admit, but it is accurate. It is likely that his admirers may consider us a little personal. We mean to be. There are sublimities of conceit and presumption which are only to be reached by the rudest means. The *Tribune's* "own" sits, stupid and serene, upon a very Olympus of bombastic arrogance. Who is going to pick the softest missiles to hurl at a pleonastic, antistrophic, gasconading Jupiter like this?

The general aim of this discursive incubus has been to weaken public faith in the government, to criticize movements of which he knows nothing, and to excrete phrases of sophomoric flatulence and intense unintelligibility. In the latter effort he has succeeded. In a rhetorical sense he dives deeper, stays under longer, and comes up with more stagnant water on the brain than any one of whom we have knowledge. It used to be said of an impoverished genius, that his soarings were illimitable and his divings unfathomable, but that he never paid cash. Substituting for the material currency that of sense or judgment, we may apply the description to that "other man" of the *Tribune* at Washington.

His attacks upon the government, the Lieutenant-General, the brigadiers, the colonels, the sutlers (nothing escapes his animosity) usually take the shape of general propositions. Here is an example: "Outside movements are not very favorable to mental abstraction or concentration of thought." Well, no, they are not. The inside movement of a thief's hand in somebody else's pocket is, on the whole, the movement most favorable to abstraction. Let us eliminate the proposition, and consider it a little further: "Outside movements are not favorable to concentration of thought." Are inside movements, then? Digestion is an inside movement. Is that intestinal exercitation an intellectual condenser? The "outside movement" of a flea upon the epidermis would, we think, concentrate upon the insect even such wandering and vagabond faculties as those of the *Tribune's* "own." As we cannot, by any logical process whatsoever, make his proposition hold water, we beg to offer him a recipe:

To concentrate thought.
First *catch* your thought.

Let us give him another chance: "All revolutions are of the lunacy of strong tension and overwrought brain." Ah! here is depth—cavernousness, in fact. *All* revolutions? How about those of a grindstone? Are they of "the lunacy of strong tension?" We had supposed them to proceed from an unwilling exercise of the flexors and extensors. We think the proposition should be remodeled and followed out, syllogistically, in this wise;

Correspondent.—All lunacy proceeds from strong attention (not tension.)
I have given strong attention to various subjects.
I am a lunatic.

We aver that, from the phosphorescent puddle of the correspondent's discourse, we have, in the above extracts, selected good average toads. The gentleman is like Illion's citadel, many-columned; in fact, he erects one a day, but, being made "all out of his head" they are ligneous rather than granitic, like those of the Temple of Troas. Over these many columns we have pored diligently in search of something calculated to alter our conviction that the writer is an irretrievable blockhead. We can find nothing. We submit to the attention of the *Tribune* an ancient legend, addressed to the people of Scotland, and inscribed upon the stone that marks the boundary between that country and England:

"Keep your asses at home."

JONATHAN, ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

Wal, things 'ave come to a pooty pass, I vum!
It otto make COLUMBY sick o' hum!
'Most any day I 'xpect to see it statid
She's gethered up her shinin' robes, and scatid!

Jest look around! I swunny, it's teöo bad!
Folks make ye think o' the last run o' shad!
There ain't a mortal stroke o' bizness deöin',
An' everything's a p'intin' straight to reüin!

There's many a man that lays awake o' nights,
A-tryin' for to put his mind to rights,
That dunno where he'll git another dollar
To buy a maöuthful fur his folks to swaller.

JESS come hum yisterday, with holler cheeks,—
He hesn't hed an order in six weeks;
His steel-spring trade used to amaöunt to su'thin';
But naöw, he says, there ain't no spring to nothin'.

An' ZEKE, he's be'n here, lately, from New York:
He used to step araöund, as light as cork;
Naöw, he talks mostly 'baöut his pesky liver,
An' groans abaöut his bizness daöwn the river.

He says New York 's a-goin' to 'tarnal smash,
An' folks all 'raöund are cavin' in, slap-dash!—
Though forty show-bills tell haöw low he's sellin',
His lonesomeness, inside, there ain't no tellin'.

The only business that seems to pay,
Is restaurants,—though *that* is fallin' away:
Though folks must eat, they ain't ableeged to awder
A plate o' gold leaf, w'en there's common fodder!

'ZEKE says it pays to git made Colonel, teöo,—
Or even Capt'in: they ha'n't much to deö
But draw their pay. He says it wooz a pity
He wa'n't app'inted on the big Committy!

It's handled lots o' money, sence it sot,
An' nothin' said: He rether thinks he's got
A sure thing, naöw; he's wrote to GIN'RAL BUTLER
(A friend o' his) to git app'intid Sutler!

An' that reminds me 'baout this 'tarnal war,
An' all the things aöour folks are fightin' fur.
'Tain't slipped my mind, though; no sech luck, dod rot it!
Folks don't forgit the ager, w'en they've got it!

W'en everything p'ints to it, square an' fair,
It's *apt* to stick aöut *some!*—Wal, I don't care—
I've alus know'd we'd got to jest come teö it;
And on the hull, I guess we'll w'iggle threöugh it!

We might as well jest let them fellers know
We've got a North, that's all 'iled up to *go!*
We've h'isted of it clear of all back-water,
An' naöw it's baöund to run, becuz it ought-ter!

Jest let aöur ingineers, there, h'ist the gate!
I tell ye, boys of *action* hate to *wait!*
Wake up, you fellers that direct the fightin'!
Stop this Red Tape, this everlastin' writin'!

This war has made folks come to know their minds;
An' naöw the weakest little doughface finds
That after all he's got a loyal spirit
An' some desire to make the rebels fear it!

May Congriss deö its deüty, quick an' treüe!
An' God 'll let it know what's best to deö!
Creation knows w'at side He *hes* assisted!—
Say, tell yeöur folks that JON'THAN SPINK'S enlistid!